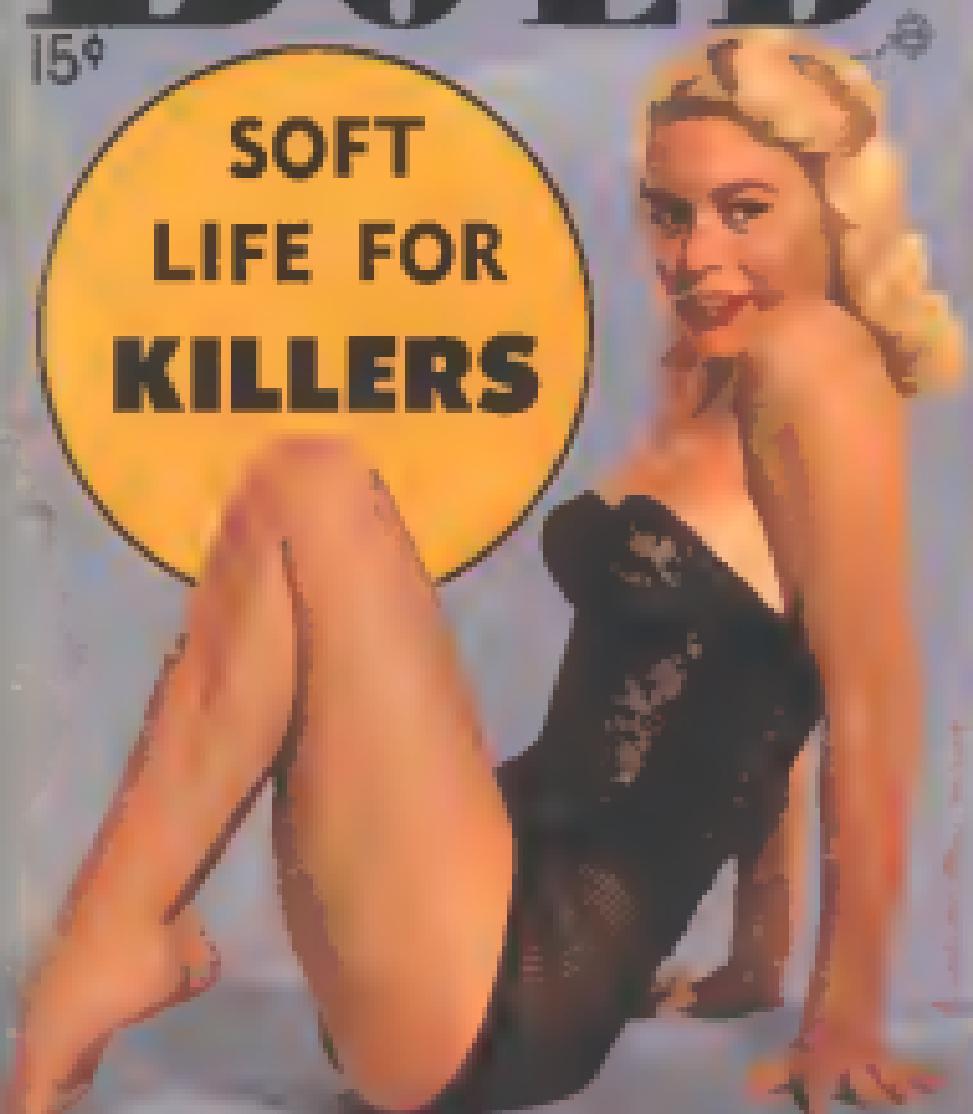


OCTOBER 1957

BOLD

15¢

**SOFT
LIFE FOR
KILLERS**



Barbara Stanwyck

60
241

BOLD

OCTOBER 1957
VOL. 7 NO. 4



For those of you who are interested in the better things of life, here's Marla English, one of the best things that ever came into anyone's life.

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Editor Louie A. Weissthal
Assistant Editor Dark Kistene
Copy Editor Harry S. Gordon
Art Director Barbara Devaney
Art Manager Barbara Egan



WILLIE PEP:

HE CAN'T HANG 'EM UP

Once one of the finest ringmen of all times, he's now doing it for peanuts on a tanktown treadmill.

By WOLY CORNISH

For Willie Pep, it's become one long, limping dance to the slow-drag music of a band that won't stop playing. The night comes on too fast now, but there was a time he welcomed it. "In the corner at one-twenty-five and a half—." You literally couldn't lay a glove on him unless you were Sandy Saddler, who feasted at him like one devoured, through three of the dirtiest and most savage fights in boxing history. They hated each other, those two, the tall, skinny Saddler and dead-peanied





WILLIE PEP...

Willie, who had somehow managed to acquire every legitimate skill and not-so-legitimate trick in boxing's catalogue. They cared little about winning; those three times, Pep and Saddler; each fought as though to destroy the other. They heeled, butted, gouged, rabbit-punched, sneaked punches on the break, hit after the bell and lacerated each other's face with the laced parts of their gloves. They alternated victories, with Saddler taking the rubber match when Willie couldn't come out for the eighth round, his arm hanging limp from a fall in the seventh. (cont.)





WILLIE PEP...

When the blood-letting stopped, people squirmed—the slaugher had left a sour taste in their mouths. Too much savagery. Too close to hatchetry! Things had gotten out of control! Then, again, in that last match, did Willie really have to quit?

And with those whispers being heard, it was suddenly all over for Willie Pep. The greatest boxing master of modern times (Ray Robinson was only one who gave him that rating) was out of the bigtime. Plainly, the little man could be hit and you couldn't say for sure what he'd do when he was.

But, Willie's still at it, still moving from one

WILLIE PEP...

town to the next and going through the motions with the local talent, still being gaped at in one-arm joints, taping his hands in foul-smelling dressing rooms, yawning away the questions of Commission doctors and the advice of anguished seconds. Saddler is out of it now, threatened by blindness if he returns to boxing, but for Willie the slow-drag music keeps playing and the long dance goes on.

EHN



WHAT HOPE FOR HER?

Her smile is on trial—but is a smile enough for success? →



WHAT HOPE . . . ?

In view of the fact that nobody, but nobody, is ever going to replace Marilyn Monroe, people keep trying.

Latest in the crop of curvy contenders are two angel-faced blondees, one named Ramona Carter, the other named Maureen Marlowe.

Ramona, whom you see both on the back cover of this issue and on the first page of this instructive article, has been trying now for nigh onto two years to make a big thing of Marilyn. Her big problem has been that every time she's about to get a break in the movies, Marilyn comes out with another big film that puts all other contestants back in the





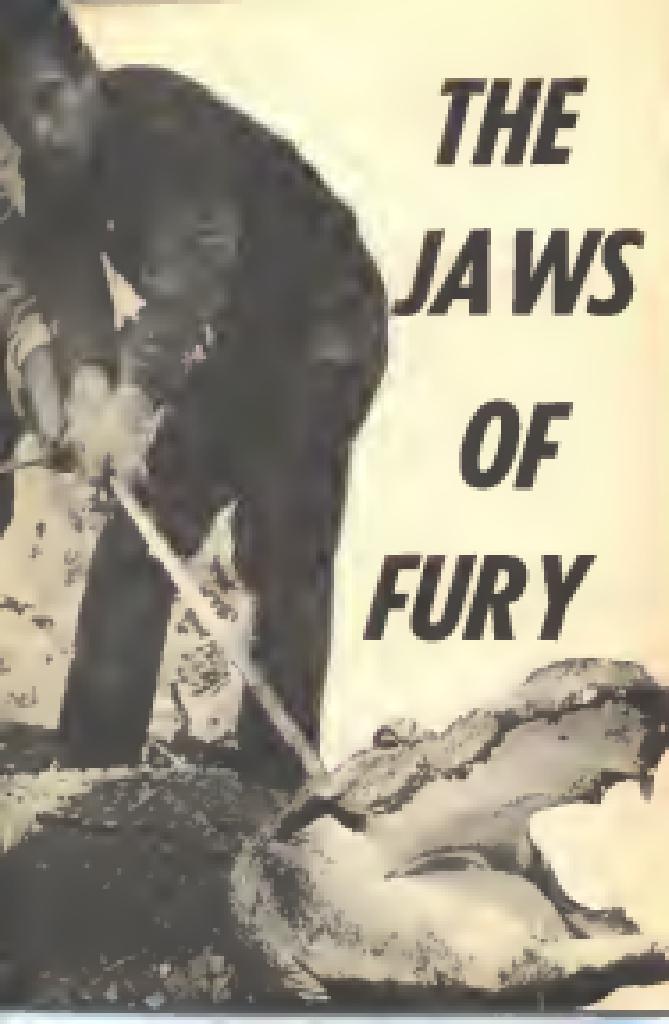
WHAT HOPE . . . ?

background. For Ramona, it's been nothing but frustration, frustration, frustration.

Almost in the same rocky boat as Ramona has been Maureen Marlowe. She's the girl on the last two pages and on this one. Just as seductive as Ramona, just as blessed with the good things of life, Maureen has spent more time around swimming pools than a professional lifeguard.

It's not that she likes swimming pools. It's just that this is where most photographers in Hollywood think that girls who look like Marilyn should be placed. Maureen, however, has one advantage over Ramona. Her initials are the same as Miss Monroe's. Even if she never makes the grade as a replacement, she'll at least be able to use Marilyn's old monogrammed table napkins.

EBO



THE JAWS OF FURY

A BOLD photographer tells what happens when two men meet 300 pounds of angry alligator.

By Jim Hansen

SLASHING violently with its knifelike tail, the twelve-inch alligator twisted its slimy green back and tried to plunge into the deep water. Johnny Jenkins sprang backwards to avoid the reptile's lethal back-end, while Ray Oliver deftly slipped a heavy noose over the gator's snapping jaws. Within a couple of seconds, the thrashing animal had been thrown on his back, his claws clutching in a wild attempt to kill any one of us he could reach.

I'd been sent to take pictures of the men who work for the Reptile Jungle, in Stinnett, La. The Jungle makes a business of trapping alligators. Some of them are sent to zoos; others are skinned for their hides which bring fancy prices in the big cities.

We'd started out early that morning in a flat-bottomed rowboat through the bayou swamp. To catch the gators, the men used a strong cord tied around banks

Jaws of trapped alligators are tied with half-hitch which is doubled over to make sure that its deadly teeth can do no damage.



Great waves of alligator heat come when animal is dragged toward shallower water (above) and rope is tightened around its jaws. This usually takes two men working in perfect synchronization (below). Because the alligator can move faster in deep water, the hunters try to get them as close as possible to land before tying them up. A third man often goes along for emergencies.



... JAWS OF FURY

of fresh meat. After two hours of trilling, the water beside the boat boiled ominously, then a gator broke surface and lunged for the boat.

In a flash, Johnny was out of the boat and Ray was behind him. Getting the ropes around the beast's jaws took only a few seconds, but they were the longest seconds I've ever spent. The animal's body was all muscle, and every fiber of it was dedicated to smashing the life out of his captors.

But in a few minutes, they'd trussed him tighter than a rooftile in a butcher's shop, and were car-



The captured water monitor is passed into the rowboat (below) for the journey back to Reptile Jungle. Because water in boycas is very shallow, poles one uses (believed to push boat), back on the jungle, triumphantly bunt and carry their prize over their shoulders.



... JAWS OF FURY

rying him over their shoulders back to the boat. As we pulled back to the Reptile Jungle, I asked Johnny if he really enjoyed his dangerous work. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "This is just a job. For kicks, I do something else."

"What's that?"

"I go after them with no rope at all, and, before I'm through, wrestle them to a standstill. That way," he said, "it's really fun." End



DEATH in an alley

By MRS. SCOTT

UNLESS you read old New York newspapers regularly, you probably won't remember April 15, 1922. It's a day I'll never forget.

That was the day I found a corpse.

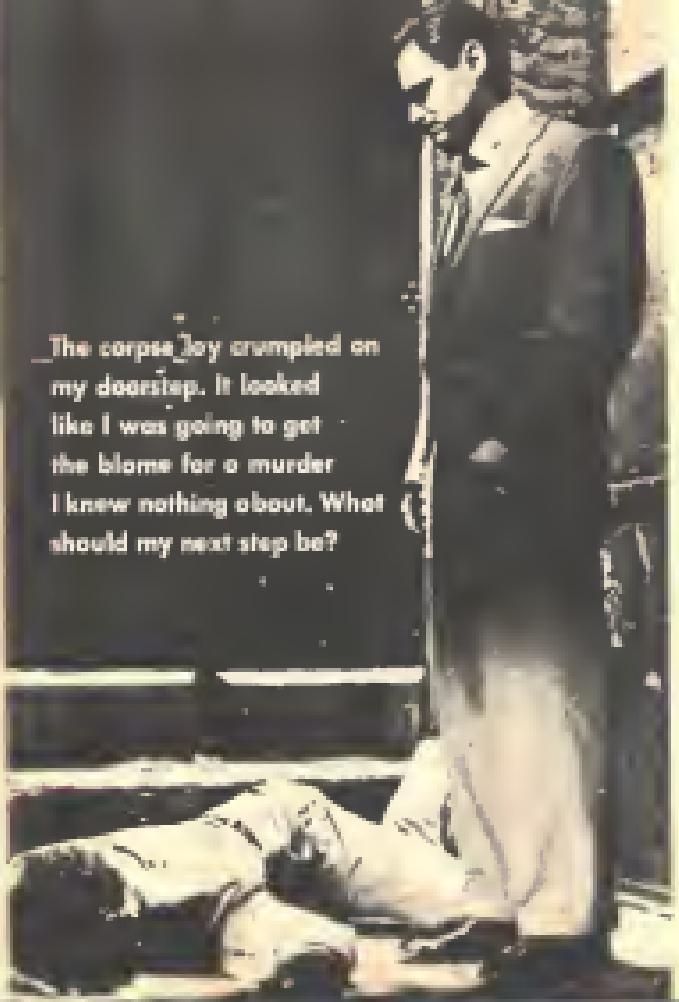
I was working as theater doorman on 48th Street, just off Broadway. There wasn't much money in it, but the job had advantages: a long-run show with thirty chorus girls, one of whom, Jeannie, was my own special dash.

The job had its disadvantages, too. The main one was Harry Gordon, a mean-tempered stage-had with a sick-white complexion and a fast hand for women.

He was also a bum. One night after a show, he and a buddy had backed Jeannie against a wall and started twisting her arm behind her back to persuade her to be friendly. I slugged Gordon then, and his buddy ran away. I threatened to kill both of them if they ever tried anything again. After that, we were never the best of friends.

April 15, after the show was over, I stayed late to do my overdue income tax. Around three o'clock I wound up with the final figures and a headache. I turned out the light in the tiny hall

The corpse lay crumpled on my doorstep. It looked like I was going to get the blame for a murder. I knew nothing about it. What should my next step be?



"I felt something soft underneath my feet."

where I sat, and stepped out into the night. Closing the door behind me, I locked it and turned to walk up the alley. My foot stepped on something soft.

I looked down, and in the shadows, could barely make out a huddled form. I bent down and the form turned into a corpse with a knife in its throat.

It was Gordon's buddy. I'm not a tough guy and I don't like corpses — and this one scared me.

It scared me because it was dead, and because it could get me into a lot of trouble. I'd threatened to kill him, and now here he was — killed. And I had no alibi. Gordon, I knew, would be only too happy to testify that I'd threatened the guy's life.

I didn't know what to do. Run away? Call the cops? For no reason that I can understand, I decided to go back inside the theater and think it over.

I went onto the stage where the single work-light cast a cold glow over the scenery. I sat down on a folding chair. My eye wandered over the blank stage.



"It was a corpse with a knife in its throat."

The theater was still, dead still, and plenty dark.

Suddenly, there was a noise. Someone was coming in, very slowly. Whoever it was, I didn't want to be around, so I moved out of my chair into a black shadow behind a backdrop.

In came Gordon, walking backward, dragging the corpse by its arms. I figured there was no real danger, so I stepped onto the stage and said, "Gordon, what's the scoop?"

Startled, he dropped the body, spun around and snarled, "What are you doing here, Moore?"

"You're the boy with the corpse, Gordon. You'd better do the talking."

He moved his hand to his pocket, fished out a revolver and pointed it at my head. "This," he said, "will do my talking for me."

"What happened to your buddy? Did he get in the way of your carving knife?"

"You're too smart, Moore. Besides, you work too hard. I'll tell you what I'm going to do for you. I'm going to give you a nice, restful vacation."

He walked toward me, keeping the gun pointed at my head. His voice was down to a harsh whisper. "I'm going to send you away forever, Moore. You'll never have to work again."

I could feel his breath against my face; he was so close. Inside, I was shaking.

"When they find you here in the morning," he laughed, "I won't know anything about it. Because

"I figured I was a dead man no matter what happened, so I dove for his feet. Two bullets whizzed past as I smashed my fist into his face."



you'll be lying here with a bullet in your head, and my buddy will be holding this gun. If I were a cop, I'd figure that you two had a little argument and settled it in your own way."

"You've got it all figured, haven't you?"

He snickered. "I think so. And besides, I'll remind the cops you threatened to kill my gal." He raised the gun at me. "Move over to the body. I don't want to carry you farther than I have to."

I looked at him. I figured I was a dead man no matter what happened. I had nothing to lose by trying to get out of it.

I dove for his feet and two shots whizzed over my head. He crashed down and the gun skittered out of his hand. I smashed him in the face.

"Don't hit me," he pleaded. "It was a mistake. I had an argument with my buddy. He pulled a knife on me and I got it away from him and stabbed him."

Footsteps pounded across the stage. Two cops burst in, attracted by the shooting. "We heard it," said the lead cop. "Don't say any more, buster, before you get yourself a lawyer."

They took him away. I picked up my income tax forms, went home and mailed them in. Gordon got 30 years for manslaughter and attempted murder, and I got slapped with a \$30 fine by Uncle Sam for failing to send in my tax on time.

I was so happy to be around that I didn't even mind paying it.

END

In the next issue of

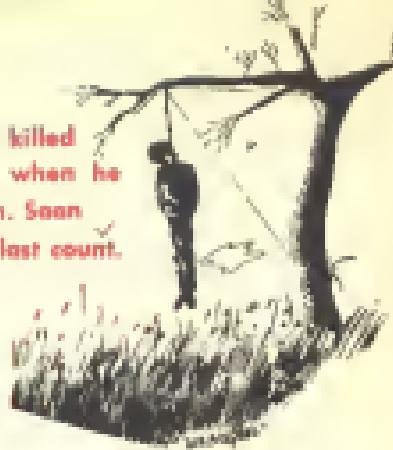
BOLD

First News of Contest Winners

We're now reading your entries to Bold's "My Personal Adventure" Contest, and will soon be selecting the winners. Next month we'll print the first of the stories which we thought of outstanding interest. If you entered the contest, you'll want to see if your story was chosen. If you didn't enter, you'll want to read the true adventure of a man just like yourself.

Read It in November Bold

Cherokee Bill killed his first man when he was seventeen. Soon after, he had lost count.



for your rights," she had told him when he was just a child. At eighteen, he put this stern advice to use and killed a man at a dance. The victim, he said, had "imposed" on him. Finding it necessary to leave home, Goldsby spent some time roaming the lands of the Creek and Seminole Indians, at which time he acquired the name of Cherokee Bill.

In 1894, a posse closed in on him and two friends, Jim and Bill Cook. In the process of fighting them off, Cherokee Bill killed a man named Segawayah Houston Others who got in his way and were killed for it were George Brown (he had whopped his wife who happened to be Cherokee Bill's sister), Richard Richards (station agent killed while resisting a hold-up), Samuel Collins (tried to throw Cherokee Bill off a train), and Ernest Melton (peeped in a window while the outlaw was committing a hold-up).

The beginning of the end came for this wildest of the bad men when he fell for beautiful Maggie Glass. Visiting her in the home of one Ike Rogers, he made the mistake of turning his back on his host and was knocked cold by a blow over the head. He was taken to Fort Smith where he was convicted of murdering Melton. He escaped (killing a guard in the process) in what was supposed to be a mass break-out. The other prisoners lost their nerve when the guards opened fire, and Cherokee Bill was finally persuaded to surrender. His hanging was a frenzied affair with one hundred guests in attendance.

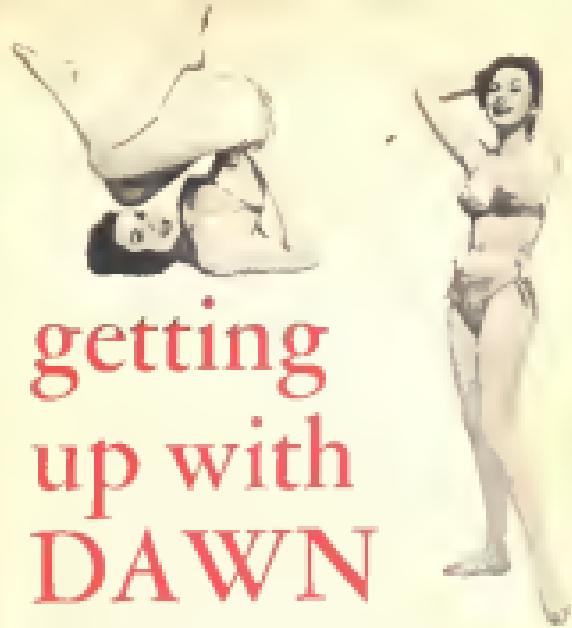
"Hell, look at the people," the surprised outlaw said. "Something must be going on!"

WILD MEN OF THE OLD WEST

When they took Cherokee Bill out to hang him, he was asked whether he had any last words to say.

"No," was his easy answer. "I came here to die, not to make a speech."

He was born Crawford Goldsby of mixed parentage—Cherokee, European, Mexican and Negro. Violent man though he was, no one could ever say he failed to follow his mother's advice. "Stand up



getting up with DAWN

WHEN DAY BREAKS for Dawn Richards, she's just a little sad. Not that she didn't sleep well. As a matter of fact, Dawn feels very rested after a night in her big, beautiful bed. But she wants to have a little exercise like swimming. However, the bath tub is too small, and the "Y" won't let her in at that early hour of the day. Poor Dawn hasn't any place for a dip before breakfast. And that's why she feels a tiny bit blue. But Dawn isn't



You grip the steel bars and scream in agony
as the pain sears through your body
You're a dope addict taking the cure, and
you may be licked even before you start

You drive up to the cold, red brick building and
start getting thy strokes no less, as you step
out of the cab.

You're about to take the cure at the Federal
Narcotics Hospital in Lexington, Ky. Or rather,
you hope you're going to take the cure, because
you've already been convicted twice on Federal
offenses. Once more and you go up the river for
the rest of your life.

You didn't commit the crimes because you like
crime. You did it because you needed money for
the "monkey" on your back. The only way you
could get the money was to steal it. And you were
caught red-handed.

What are your chances of shaking the monkey?
You don't know it as you walk through the doorway,
but your chances are about as good as those of
a snowball's in Hell. If you're like the average
patient, you'll be back on the hospital grounds of a
very short year.



On your cot you dream nightmares no man should suffer. When you tell them to the doctor and ask for help, he can only say, "Be patient." It's hard to be patient in Hell.

GET OUT . . .

1. You depend on us to help you get out of Hell. That's why we're here to help you. And if you'll let us help you,

You won't have to worry about your problem for another minute. Then after you've got out of Hell, you'll be free. And those you'll meet on the way.





LAST STOP . . .

They don't remind you that once inside, you'll face the same problems that made you start taking dope. They don't tell you the chances are you'll get hooked again.

The door to your tiny cell clangs shut behind you, echoing metallically through the corridor, like the laugh of Satan himself.

Your mind starts. Can you kick the habit forever? The doctors who examined you won't put any bets on it. But maybe, if you're lucky, you'll be the one guy in Gitman who manages to shake it for good.

END



When your period of solitary is over, you stand at the door of your cell and look toward freedom. Maybe you'll make it—and maybe you're hooked for life.

THE MEN WHO GO ON FOREVER

Here's the story behind the statistics of the men who have lasted longest in baseball.



BACK IN 1925 the New York Yankees' first baseman was a veteran named Wally Pipp. He was one of the league's better hitters — good enough, in fact, to bat in the cleanup spot. One July day Wally reported to Manager Miller Huggins that he had a headache and didn't feel up to playing. Huggins took the news calmly, replaced Pipp with a young rookie up from Hartford, and that was the end of Wally's career in the Yankee infield. His successor, of course, was Lou Gehrig, who didn't relinquish first base for fifteen years—probably the longest substitution on record. And Gehrig's mark of 2,130 consecu-

There's more to being a baseball star man than simply playing in a string of consecutive games. Chicago White Sox second baseman Nellie Fox holds no records, but you know he'll be in there the con-



Lou Gehrig's 2,130 consecutive games is a mark that will never be approached. But he would have been truly great star without it.

...THEY GO ON FOREVER

five games played over that span is probably as famous a record as Babe Ruth's 60 homers.

Day in and day out—with headaches, with sore backs, with contusions and abrasions, and finally with the paralytic disease that ultimately killed him—Lou was in the Yankee line-up, until a simple incident convinced him that his string was through. During a game early in the 1939 season he fielded a ground ball and threw the runner out, the pitcher covering. It was a purely routine play, but his teammates clustered around him, clapped him on the back and babbled phrases like "Great going, Lou! Nice stop, big boy!"

If that sort of encouragement was necessary, Lou



Stan Musial held former NL consecutive-game record—but it's his only claim to fame. Marty Marion (below) made decision that interrupted Stan Musial's string at end of '31 season. It didn't keep "The Man" from breaking the mark.

knew that he belonged on the bench, and Manager Joe McCarthy couldn't disagree with him. It had actually been some time since Lou was able to bend over, but Manager Joe had left the decision up to his iron man. Such was the respect that Gehrig's consecutive-game streak inspired.

It was an attitude that might have been possessed by St. Louis Cardinal Manager Marty Marion back in 1931—but wasn't. Marty can't be blamed for it, since neither he nor anyone else realized that much was at stake. What happened was simply that Marion told Stan Musial to sit out the last game of the season. At the time Stan, though an extraordinarily durable player who seldom missed a game, had no phenomenal streak going, and he enjoyed an

...THEY GO ON FOREVER

idle day as the Cards closed out the year.

But just this season, Musial's order assumed a belated importance, because Stan has appeared in every game since. In June of this year he played in his 553rd consecutive game, breaking Gus Suhm's old NL mark.

Baseball fans everywhere applauded Musial's adding one more record to his bulging bag, but then some dissenting voices were raised. It seemed that in 1935 he played one game sinfully by proxy. The day before, he had been hit on the wrist by a pitch from Johnny Podres. He wasn't able to play, but Manager Harry Walker wrote his name down in the line-up and then inserted a pinch-litter in the top of the first inning. The streak was officially kept alive, because Musial's name did appear in the box score, but his detractors felt that his record was nevertheless tainted, and so it was—until one remembers the 1951 incident.

And until one remembers a few more facts, too. For example, the selfsame Gus Suhm was able to set his record only because, though normally a first baseman, he was often kept alive late in his career by playing the last inning or two in right field. Nor did the mighty Gehrig play 2,130 full games at first base either. One day, when his ailments threatened to bench him, he was sent to bat as lead-off man, then withdrawn.

And the most important point of all is that Musial is a great team player just as was Gehrig, a true star even if consecutive-game streaks had never been invented. Still, fans just love that old record book: Even



Joe McCarthy (above) did for Gehrig consecutive streak until he benched himself. The 1939 season was only eight games old when Lou brought his incredible streak to an end. Double Eddie Yost (below) is steady 150-game-year man, as proved on if he held record

His good health, not consecutive games, have made Stan Musial Jr. coming on handily the player of the decade. The fact that there's a question mark beside his playing streak is not worrying St. Louis fans who appreciate the record but prefer home hits



How You Can Master GOOD ENGLISH

. . . In 15 Minutes a Day

THOUSANDS of persons make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. It is surprising how many persons fail to apply such common words as "between," "yesterday," "therefore," and "however"; say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"; use "who" for "where"; and mispronounce the simplest words. And it is equally astonishing how few know whether to use one or the other "it's" or "it'll" or "it'lll" (as in "appropos" or "dispos") ; or when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, dull, thin, dead, listless because they lack confidence in their use of language.

What Does Your English Say About You?

Does your English help or hinder you? Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use punctuation marks incorrectly, when you use italics,

you make a place for yourself in the world of mediocrity. English, the very tool you should use to improve your business or social position, holds you back. And you don't realize it, for people are too polite to tell you your mistakes.

But now Sherman Cody offers you a proven-new method of acquiring a mastery of English in only a few minutes a day. It's so easy for you to stop making the mistakes in English which have been hindering you and learn to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly, on all occasions—without even thinking about it!

What Cody Did at Gary

For years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating effective habits of using good English. Some time ago he was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education to teach English to all upper-grade pupils — Quarantine at West Point



SHERMAN CODY

in Gary, Indiana. By means of unique practice exercises, Mr. Cody secured more improvement in those pupils in five weeks than previously had been obtained by similar pupils in three years under the old methods.

Even more recently, in the schools of Colorado Springs, an experiment was conducted under the supervision of Dr. F. H. Day, then Superintendent of Schools in that city. Results were outstanding! In his report, Dr. Day stated, in part, "It would appear that Mr. Cody has come upon an idea and its value seems a producer almost revolutionary in the teaching of English."

100% Self-Correcting Device

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's method is half-learning English by listening more than doing forever in your efforts. Every time you mispronounce or misspelled a word, every time you violated every grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express your meaning, suppose you could have been whispering. "That is wrong, it should be this and so." In a short time you would automatically use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

Mr. Cody's 100% Self-Correcting Device helps you to hold a picture of your errors in mind so that you can easily see them when you speak whatever you want to say. It finds your mistakes and corrects them for you. You are not drilled over

anything you already know; and, unlike the old ways of learning English, there are no rules to memorize.

The study of English has been made so simple that each person can make as many short lists of more than fifteen mistakes a day as required—and out of study, but of interesting practice! Those who value advantage of Mr. Cody's method quite interesting as practice that is easier to remember than theory. They gain a sense of teaching that cannot be denied. They gain a facility of speech that makes them an educated person in whatever society they find themselves. They gain the self-confidence and self-respect which the study imparts. As the saying went, certainly the importance of good English in the race for success cannot be over-emphasized. Surely no one can advance far without it.

Write for FREE BOOK

A brief explanatory letter, Cody's invention is yours free. If you are ever embarrassed by mispronunciation, misspelling, punctuation, punctuation, or if your vocabulary is limited, this book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. It can be had free upon request. There is no obligation. Send the coupon or a letter or post card.

Mr. Sherman CODY,
W. H. C. O. D. Y.
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E N G L I S H , 100
Central Drive, Port
Washington, N. Y.

INTEREST-COST COURSE IN ENGLISH

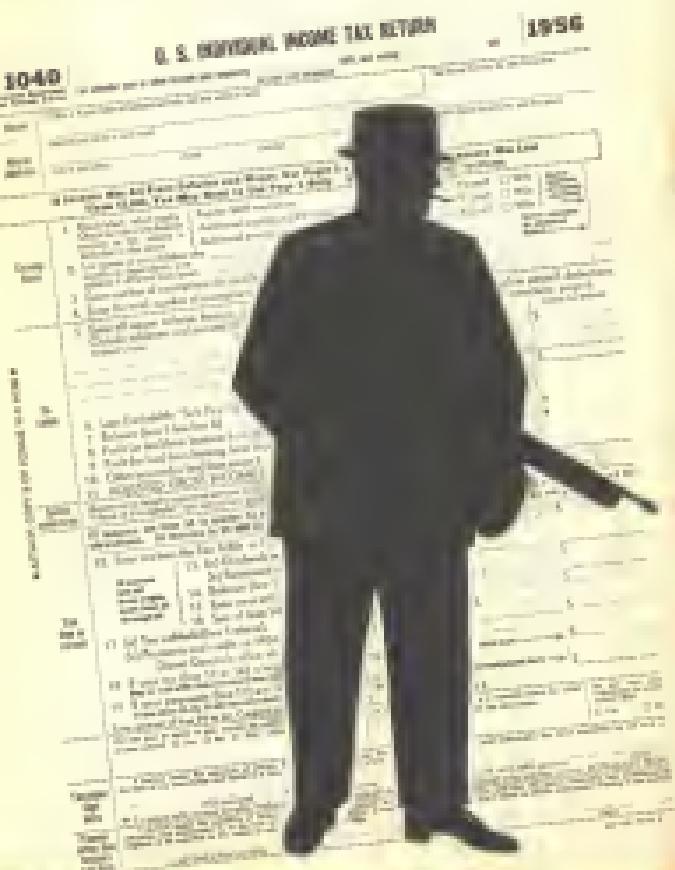
100% Correct Device
Port Washington, N. Y.

Name _____

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free book, "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." My agent will call.

Address _____

Date May _____
Mr. _____
 If 18 years or older check
here for booklet A.



the soft life of KILLERS

Today, underworld chiefs need a good tax man more than a good torpedo, and the big shave is a trip expense, not a ride to the morgue.

By DICK EASTMAN

ON THE MURK of October 23, 1936, the bleak quiet of a dingy lunchroom in Newark was shattered by the roar of gunfire. As the acrid smoke settled, one of the diners slumped over his soup bowl like a collapsed drunk. Arthur Fleigenthaler, better known as Dutch Schultz, lived long enough to stare at the bullet holes in his body in unbelieving horror. Then he sank into eternal nothingness, putting a lead period to a chapter of gangland history. He was the last top criminal to die by underworld violence.

Ironically, it was the Dutchman's mad scheming to assassinate Tom Dewey that caused his end. His own gang, fearing the consequences of his obsession, contracted with Lepke Buchalter to have their overlord put away. By the mid-thirties, the underworld had learned that the ways of the Typewriter Twenties were out of date, a too-costly echo of the past.

Gangland still pays off with hot lead, but today's victim is a punk, a scoundrel, or at most a junior execu-



National desperado, Clyde Barrow (L), with calculating desire for getting with big timers. His gang killed 50, but Al Capone (right) got only eight years for tax evasion. Happy Face Nelson (below) got 11 escape deportation rep.



Police look over the remains of Baby Face Nelson. The dreaded killer was a desperado, not an organizer. He got old-style payoff

the soft life...

tive in the big crime network. The top boys, such as Costello and Luciano, are the victims of a gentler nemesis—tax evasion rigs or deportations. Perhaps Al Capone's career best illustrates the decline of the "typewriter" and the big timer's fear of sudden death.

Like all who reached the top of the underworld, Alphonse Capone started as a clow kid in the small time. His entry into the big time came when Chicago boss Johnny Torrio brought him into his gang as a bodyguard. Capone knew how to use his muscles and his gun. He knew how to keep speakeasies in line and how to deal with rival gangsters. More than that, he developed the kind of social finesse needed to handle police and politicians. So, when Torrio took a body full of garlic-tipped bullets for slaying his rival, Dean O'Haraon, he retired leaving his organization in good hands. "It's all yours, Al," Johnny told Capone.

Thus, Scarface Al inherited a \$70,000,000 a year empire that put him at the top of his chosen prefer-

sion. He continued to organize and discipline the underworld, seeking to end machine-gun competition by fixing sales and supply areas. But when those cut-and-thrusts didn't see it his way, he reverted to bloodletting. Finally, an enraged citizenry began a serious clean up. A delegation of Chicagoans induced President Hoover to use Federal powers. T-men began working on Capone's unpaid Federal taxes.

Capone tried to shake the investigation by offering to pay \$4,000,000 and call it quits. But the Federals wouldn't buy it and in 1931 they put him away. He came out of Alcatraz in 1939 a broken man. His days in prison were spent in constant terror of being cracked. His mob had done the same to 500 others in its heyday. That meant plenty of people who would like to get even with Al. Significantly, no one did. The days of the big pay off for the Big Man were over. It was paroxysm—the final stage of syphilis—that took Capone out, quietly, on his Florida estate. (cont.)

the soft life . . .

Charles Luciano, then 17, relaxes in his comfortable house in Naples. Although Lucky is an exiled exile from the country of his adoption, police claim he remains a key figure in narcotics sales. A colleague of Lucky (below right), who passed on cocaine, Dutch Schultz, is seen here examining the costs of his fatal indiscretion



They deported Lucky Luciano. He can pretty well count on a comfortable old age in Naples—and a quiet passing. Never again will he know the discomfort of that day in 1938, when, worked over and beaten, he was dumped in the wilderness of Staten Island. Lucky has lived through the worst.

Similarly, Frank Costello today enjoys the middle class pleasures of middle age. True, he has spent many a day these past few years in court and prison. But he beat a deportation trial and is presently trying to have his tax conviction reversed. Like so many business men, Frank worries more about April 15 than a bouquet of hot lead.

END

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CASTLES IN THE AIR

There comes a time in the affairs of mankind when a girl just needs a tree and a place for contemplation. No one is a more staunch defender of this principle than a laughing-eyed lass named Madeline Castle, who conceals a veritable lair of boudoirness behind her casual manner.

For example, in the scene at right, it may be that the thoughtful Miss C. is pondering the famed advice of Frankenstein: "Let us take men as they are, not as they ought to be."

However, Madeline's musings are not restricted to the aesthetic philosophies of 19th-century transvestites. She's also an idealist, she avers, of those delicate illusions which characterize all women in love. It is just as conceivable that in our accompanying photo, she was recalling H. W. Beecher's maxim, "To love I must have something I can

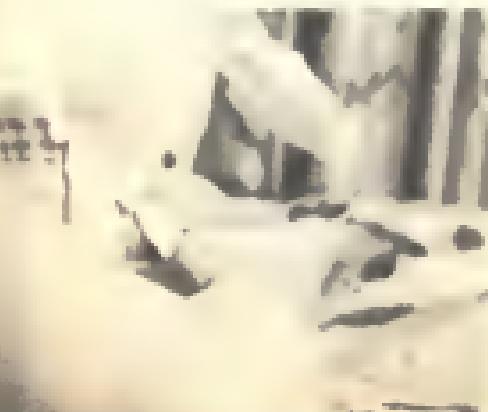




... IN THE AIR

put my arms around." A lesson well to be remembered.

But far be it for Miss Odeon to pull the Actor's Studio all in every photo. Sometimes, she'd just sit there, letting the thoughts drift their shies and run through her mind. Such is clearly the case at left, where Madeline has turned to observations of that most potent of social lubricants, liquor. She smiles quizzically at the records that poetic masterpiece of Ogden Nash which is known by every schoolchild "Condy is dandy, but liquor is quicker." More seriously, she considers Ben Franklin's accurate line, "Drunk does not draw corn, but water it, and makes it grow faster." But thoughts of such depth should not trouble so well-developed a brain for long, and Madeline turns appropriately to Oscar's thoughts about





... IN THE AIR

beauty. "There are two kinds of beauty—loveliness and dignity. We ought to regard loveliness as the quality of women, and dignity as that of men."

With that neat solving of a problem which has concerned students for us, these many years, Miss Castle turns at last from her window for the known, as Shakespeare did, that sleep is the "chief nourisher in life's feast." (END)



HANDLE-BAR HOLIGANS

By MARSHALL L. EVAN

When English lads swing these hefty mallets, a head may be mistaken for a ball.

I round out about bicycle polo by chance I was walking through the English countryside when I heard a crack like a pistol shot. Heading toward the noise, I came to a grass-court the size of a football field.

Bike-riding men in colorful uniforms plunged their vehicles at each other, swinging hammers on long poles I mixed with the fans on the sideline. Then, at the end of the inning, I got to talking with international champion Jack Williams.

Williams told me about the thrills

Dressed above: George Woods (bicycle polo expert), Jack Williams, and a crowd. Both of these players are champions internationals. Williams scored all of England's goals over Ireland in last year's International Championship Match.



HANDLE-BAR HOLLOW

of playing this fast-moving polo game in which bikes substitute for horses, and the rules are easy on playing it rough. "It's a bloody exciting sport," Jack said, "and you don't have to be the Duke of Edinburgh (or Jock Whitney) to afford it."

He went on to explain how players and bicycles have to be rough to stand up to the rugged contests. The bikes are inexpensive and easily repaired. And the men train for two years before they are tough enough for the big matches. "It takes still longer," Jack added, "to prepare for the International matches between England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales."

Williams was up and the play began again. After a few skirmishes, Williams, pedaling furiously, bent



Left: It looks easy for keeping a moving bike under control while bending over to drive the ball home is not kid's stuff.

Above: This enormous grille is an old-fashioned pile-up. Youngsters save up to buy a bike—and then, this happens to it. Believe it or a spilt beer? No, he just got off his bike the hard way—someone pushed. But it's all the players' fault, just a game.





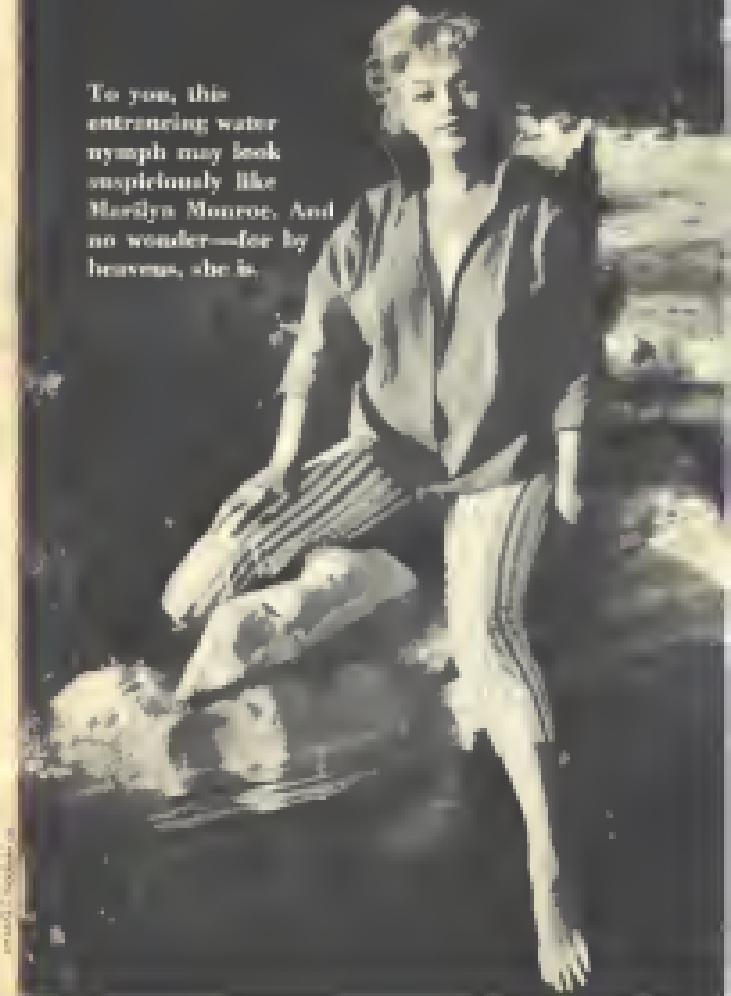
And it's not even the end of the game. Champion player Jack Williams gets ready for the next losing with the help of friend

HANDLE-BAR Hooligan

over his handle bars and swung the long polo mallet hard. The blow drove the ball straight into the opponents' goal, clinching the game for Jack's team. But a frantic defense, too late to stop Williams' scoring, charged him, sending Jack and his bike crashing to the ground. The results: a vicious gash over the champion's eye, and a badly bent front wheel.

The doctor who examined Jack said the wound would have to have a couple of stitches. Jack grunted and said, "I must be getting soft. When we played that team last year, I had to have nine stitches. Next year," he sighed, "I'll have to do better." *Examiner*

To you, this entrancing water nymph may look suspiciously like Marilyn Monroe. And no wonder—for by heavens, she is.



Future: *Cowboy*—AJ Weisz 2-22; *Pep*—D. Held 11; *SD Magazine* 10-11; *Midwest* 10-11; *Three Lions* 20-21; *SI*—A. Prange 20-21; *USPS* 12-13; *SDG*—*Graphic House* 43-44.





Will

Ramona Carter
succeed where
others failed?
See story
in this issue.